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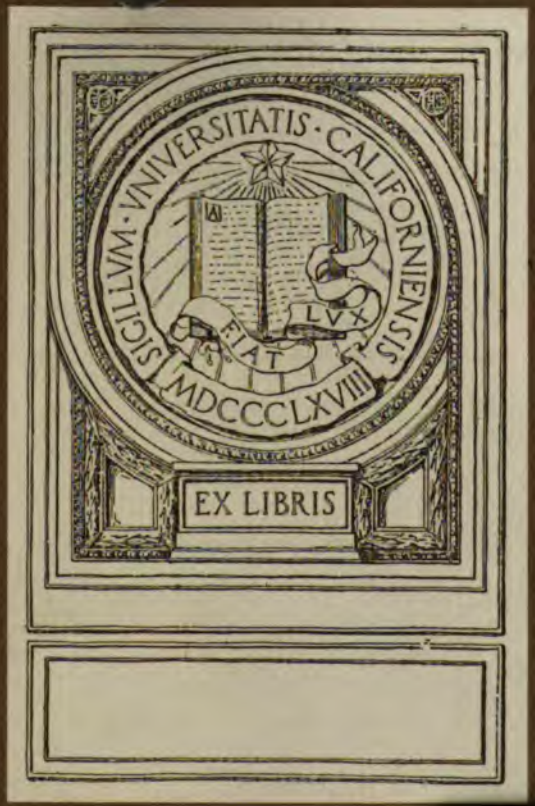
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CAMP UPTON

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP UPTON

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CAMP UPTON

DESCRIBED AND PHOTOGRAPHED

BY

ROGER BATCHELDER

Author of "Camp Devens," and "Watching and Waiting on the Border"

With photographs taken by the author under the official authorization of the Committee on Public Information and the War Department, and with the endorsement of the authorities at Camp Upton

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BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE BUILDING OF CAMP UPTON

UNTIL June, 1917, Yaphank was known to the outside world as a joke. The traveller from New York to Greenport saw the name on the weather-beaten station and laughed; then he told friends about the funny name, and they, too, laughed. But outside of this unusual appellation, Yaphank had no more claim to immortality than the neighboring and equally rustic villages of Medford and Center Moriches. Things are no longer "as they used to be," however. As Camp Devens has written the name of Ayer on the war annals of the country, and Camp Grant emblazoned with fame the village of Rockford, so has Camp Upton, the home of the metropolitan draft men, made Yaphank, to the mind of the New Yorker, far more important than the provincial cities of Philadelphia and Boston. So far as immortality is concerned, Yaphank is "there to stay." But the town itself has no actual connection with Camp Upton; the cantonment, five miles away, although within the limits of the township, is absolutely isolated from the village itself. We shall long cherish Yaphank, the tradition, but it is just as well to forget Yaphank, the town, as soon as possible.

When the all-seeing eye of the War Department scanned the expanses of the country for possible sites for the sixteen training-schools of the future champions of democracy, it alighted on one of the most desolate portions of Long Island. There was a tract sixteen miles square, without a brook, a river, a pond, a dell, a hill, a forest, on its surface. The sandy soil contained enough nutriment for a thick growth of scrub-oak, but not enough for more luxuriant vegetation. It was a wild and dreary place, inhabited only by countless swarms of mosquitoes. But military expediency was of greater import than natural beauty and picturesqueness, and this tract was chosen for the cantonment of the New York draft men.

Early in June, 1917, the contract was awarded to the Thompson-Starrett Company, of Wall Street, New York. Louis J. Horowitz, president of the company, had charge of the construction

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work, under the supervision of Major O'Kelley Myers, U.S.R., the constructing quartermaster. The sanitary arrangements were under the dominion of Major-General William C. Gorgas, of Panama fame, the surgeon-general of the United States Army.

On June 24, the advance guard of the army of laborers arrived at Yaphank, and the great work began. Innumerable difficulties presented themselves. There was a lack of suitable living accommodations, and there were so many mosquitoes that steady work was practically impossible. Many workmen returned to New York immediately. The Eastern Department was scoured for skilled and unskilled laborers, but even the payment of railroad fares and promises of phenomenal wages were insufficient to induce many of them to come to the cantonment.

After a month, things went more smoothly. The mosquitoes were quickly and permanently put to rout by General Gorgas, and the contractors did everything possible to make their employees comfortable and happy. Five thousand men was the average number on the pay-roll, and when August 31 came, over ten thousand laborers were working day and night in a final effort to bring the cantonment to completion.

Carloads of supplies came to the spur of the tracks which had been extended into the camp, and motor-trucks were waiting to take them to every part of the military city. Every minute of the night and day carpenters were pounding, gangs were working on the roads, electricians were wiring the buildings. But on September 11, when the first draft men arrived, the camp was only thirty-eight per cent finished, and many weeks passed before the stupendous task was over. The total cost of construction was $6,390,528. The contract called for over fourteen hundred buildings, thirty miles of roads, and five hundred miles of electric wiring. Thirty million board-feet of Virginia and Louisiana lumber were necessary for the completion of the great city.

Major-General J. Franklin Bell, a regular army officer of national repute, was ordered to Yaphank in September, and placed in command of the new unit of the Eastern Department — the 77th Division. His subordinate officers of high rank were, for the most part, experienced soldiers of the regular army; the remainder were graduates of the first officers' camps. In honor

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of Major-General J. Emory Upton, U.S.V., author of "The Military Policy of the United States," the cantonment was christened "Camp Upton."

After September 10, the flow of draft men continued until 40,000 soldiers, all from Greater New York, were within the borders of the great city. Not only is Camp Upton a city in terms of population, but in many other ways the analogy is accurate. There is a police force, the excellence of which is assured by the membership of one hundred and forty New York "bluecoats," and the efficient fire-department comprises forty New York firemen, whose leader is an ex-battalion chief. Camp Upton has also a complete telephone system, a post-office, one of the largest laundries in the world, an excellent water-system, numerous post-exchanges, several restaurants, a theatre, a hotel, telegraph offices, a large hospital — and all these within the camp proper, a space which would occupy perhaps one quarter of Manhattan Island. There are eight distinct villages, which, *in toto*, form a huge, hollow rectangle. To complete its similarity to a city, the streets and avenuees have been numbered in accordance with the New York system.

The Camp Upton unit has been aptly termed "The Metropolitan Division," as every man in the division was formerly a resident of Greater New York. And when one takes into account the diversified population of New York City, one can easily understand why this body of soldiers is probably the most remarkable that the world has ever seen.

The chief units of Camp Upton are as follows:

Infantry: 367 (colored), 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, regiments
Field Artillery: 304th, 305th, 306th regiments
The Signal Corps
Machine Gun Battalions: 304th, 305th, 306th, 351st (colored)
1 Trench Mortar Battery
152nd Depot Brigade
302nd Engineers
302nd Sanitary Train
Military Police

Considering the delay in completing the cantonment, the progress of the Upton boys has been remarkable. They are by no means outclassed, as one might suppose, by those fellow-

conscripts at other camps who have had many more weeks of training. There is one great reason for their success — the American spirit. These New York men, of every race, sect, trade, occupation and class of society under the sun, have overcome cheerfully and proudly numerous obstacles to their success. They have forgotten their past lives; they now live in the future, with only one end in view, an end to which they have subordinated every personal ambition and sentiment. Go where you will, and you will find it — at Upton, Devens, Grant or Meade — the one goal of the American youth — victory. That is the secret of the success of the draft army.

This book is intended for the men of Camp Upton and for their families and friends. To the soldiers it will serve, I trust, as a memento of their army life, which, however unpleasant it may now seem, they will regard in retrospect with pleasure and pride. In after years they will turn these pages and see, in khaki, themselves and the best friends they ever had — their soldier-comrades. Their civilian friends can now see depicted in miniature the great draft army of the Republic; they can see how our boys live, how they work, how they play, and will be able better to appreciate what it all means.

The 302nd Engineer regiment very kindly gave me several pictures which appear in this book, pictures which were taken in the performance of their manifold duties. I also wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the following gentlemen: Mr. Lindsay McKenna, war correspondent and editor of the *Camp Upton Despatch;* Mr. Edward Clary, camp correspondent of the *Brooklyn Eagle;* my friend Mr. Harold A. LaTour, for invaluable criticism of this work; and the following officers of Camp Upton: Colonel James A. Moss, 367th Infantry; Colonel C. O. Sherrill, Captains Crawford and Renshaw, 302nd Engineers; Captain Richardson and Lieutenant Brown, of the Intelligence Department; and, above all, the enlisted personnel of Camp Upton, who rendered me every possible aid in preparing this volume.

ROGER BATCHELDER.

MARCH 15, 1918.

"THE MOVING FINGER WRITES—"

BEFORE the summer of 1917, Archibald Poindexter, Tony Carlotta and Abie Rabinovitz, citizens of New York, had lived in different social spheres, and under different conditions of life. Poindexter, a college graduate and son of a millionaire, watched the Wall Street ticker during the day; in the evening, he went to his club, attended the opera, or entertained at his home on Fifth Avenue. Not many blocks away lived Tony, in a musty flat which looked upon a busy street from the front and upon a squalid alley from the rear. He blacked boots at a little stand down-town, and was earning such good wages that he hoped soon to have a stand of his own. Then there was Abie, who worked long hours in his father's tailorshop during the evening, and drove a delivery wagon in the daytime. Sometimes Tony blacked the boots of the rich man, and grinned pleasantly on receiving an extra nickel. And every morning, Abie delivered groceries at the back door of the Fifth Avenue mansion. That was the extent of the relations of these three men. Nothing short of a miracle could have brought them intimately together, yet on June 5, 1917, the miracle took place. On that day each of them visited the same board of registration, acknowledged his liability for military service, then returned home and continued his daily routine.

On July 28 — the American "day of days" — the finger of Fate stirred a bowl at Washington, picked from it numbered slips, and wrote the numbers on the blackboard. Each slip called hundreds of Americans to arms. As soon as the results were published, the young men of the country thronged the offices of the boards, and examined carefully the printed lists. And in this office Poindexter, Carlotta, and Rabinovitz learned that they were the first men to be called from their district.

A week or two later they received a letter which ordered them to report for examination. All three passed the physical tests, waived exemption, and went home to wait for the first bugle-call.

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THE ROLL OF HONOR

In the limousine on the way home Poindexter, senior, put his hand on his son's shoulder, told him he was sorry to lose him, but that it would do him good. His voice was a trifle husky when he recalled his own Civil War days, and he added that he was proud to have a son to put the blankety-blank Germans where they belonged. And the new conscript must have nothing less than a captain's bars when he came home. The young man rather wished he had gone to the officers' camp, but it didn't make much difference, he said. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled at the idea of being a private in the army.

Tony went home and informed his tearful mother and sister of the news. He could hardly wait for the day when he should fight for America. He brought out a bank-book, which showed a large balance and insured his family from want; and as a climax to his enthusiasm he went to a shop in the next street and bought a campaign hat.

Abie's family regarded the affair in various lights. His mother was rather hysterical at first, and the children began to cry. He consoled them by picturing himself marching down the avenue with a gun on his shoulder. His father said nothing for a moment, but silently grasped the boy's hand. Abie had never realized until now how much his father cared for him.

Then followed weeks of waiting. The rich man spent the summer at Newport, as was his custom, and, at times, almost forgot that Uncle Sam had tapped him on the shoulder. Occasionally, his friends chaffed him good-naturedly, and the young officers among them predicted a toilsome future if he came under their dominion. But he did not mind this joking. It seemed as though people looked up to him in admiration and envy, and he became more and more contented with his lot.

Tony worked steadily, as usual, and his customers, upon learning that he was soon to leave them, showered nickels and dimes into his pockets. He rented a small cottage in Brooklyn for his mother and sister, and was doubly happy now that he could become a soldier and yet be sure that his family was pro-

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THE DEPARTURE OF THE DRAFT MEN

vided for. The gratifying total of his savings proved to be more than enough for them.

Abie's life was the same as in ordinary times. He rather looked forward to the day when he should be called, as a break in the monotony.

Finally the great day arrived. Notices came to the three men to be ready the next morning for their great adventure. They were to be at the office of the board at eight, wearing old clothes, and carrying as little luggage as possible.

The evening before his departure Poindexter called on the one girl in the world, asked a few serious questions, and returned home, gratified with her answers. Tony likewise interviewed a dark-eyed Italian girl with equal success and brought her home with him to receive the family blessing. Abie remained with his family, and was the cynosure of the neighbors' admiration. After everyone else had gone to bed, his father talked with him, told him not to waste his money, and ended by embracing him and presenting him with a gold-piece.

At eight they were all at the office. Poindexter disdained the family limousine, and announced cheerfully that he "guessed he'd walk with the boys."

Then followed profuse hand-shaking on the part of the political leaders of the district, and the presentation of everything from cigars to wrist-watches. The chairman made a speech in which he said he knew that his boys would uphold the honor of the district and make life a misery for the Germans, that if they ever wanted anything they had only to call on him, and ended with an impressive volley of patriotic oratory. Then he marched his protégés to the ferry. The marine band played *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and the column, augmented by men from other districts, marched on to the boat.

"Good-bye, li'l old New York," sang someone, as the ferry left the pier.

"We'll bring the Kaiser back with us," announced another cheerfully.

Poindexter sat at the stern of the boat, dreamily looking back at Manhattan Island.

"A soldier of Uncle Sam," he pondered with a half-smile. "Well, it might be a great deal worse."

A half-hour later the men disembarked at Long Island City, had their pictures taken, and boarded the train for Camp Upton.

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"ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED? NO!"

"My name's Poindexter. What's yours?"

"Mine's Carlotta."

"Mine's Rabinovitz."

At last these three men have come together. Throughout the cars other men are similarly getting acquainted. Taxi-driver, subway-guard, clerk, barber, plumber, elevator-boy, lawyer — they are all here. Social lines are no more, each man is making friends with his neighbor.

"What's this—a ticket?" Someone points to a card that his board chairman gave him.

"No, that's your tag — so they can tell us apart if we can't speak English; tells who you are and where you're from, in case you get lost."

The train crawls along, stopping now and then with a jerk. Soon the air is blue with smoke. Packs of cards appear and games of pitch, pinochle, and whist are soon in progress.

"Where's the conductor? Funny he doesn't collect the tickets," suggests one of the boys.

"No tickets on this train," asserts another. "Uncle Sam's special. From now on, all our expenses are paid. Pretty soft, I calls it."

And there is a continuous volley of questions: "What's your business?" "Did you claim exemption?" "Are you married?" "Did she kiss you good-bye?" Groups of men are laughing and joking like old friends.

"Camp Upton — all out, boys!"

They pile onto the platform.

"Get in line there," cries an officer.

They form in a column and march to the registration booth. After they have received the first instructions of their new life, they go outside. A gray-haired man is standing nearby, and as the boys come out, he shakes hands with them. He has two stars on each shoulder, and wears a multi-colored service stripe.

"Who's that?" asks Abie.

"General Bell," whispers the next in line.

"Hello, General," says Michael O'Brien pleasantly.

"Hello, my boy; glad to see you," answers the general, with a twinkle in his eye

He is "sizing up" his men. They know nothing of military etiquette, but —

"Good material," he murmurs complacently.

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"GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOYS."

THE NEW LIFE BEGINS

The boys were assigned to the various units of the division and then taken to their new homes. And what a welcome surprise was awaiting them! Some had thought they should be obliged to sleep on the ground; others had the idea of living in tents; all had been told wild tales about the imaginary horrors of army life. Now they realized the great care with which Uncle Sam had prepared for their coming. Poindexter, Carlotta, and Rabinovitz, now good friends, were allotted adjacent bunks in the huge sleeping quarters. To each were given a straw mattress, two blankets, a mess-tin, containing a knife, fork, and spoon, and a tin cup. The rest of their equipment was to follow later, but they received these, the necessities, at once.

There were no drills that afternoon; the men signed interminable papers which, when complete, gave the history of their lives, and were instructed in the rudiments of military discipline by a sergeant who had come with the first draft quota. In the evening, they chatted with their bunk-mates, and then went to the Y. M. C. A. to write letters home. None was really homesick; there was too much going on for that. Perhaps a few were a trifle lonely, but they were soon taken to one side and cheered by some of the older men. Then taps came, and soon the camp was asleep.

At first, little attention was paid to formal drill. There were physical examinations, setting-up exercises, allotments of uniforms, and instruction in the elements of military routine.

Often the men were taken on hikes by their officers to accustom them to marching conditions, and to get them in good physical trim for the long weeks of training to come. This picture shows one of the practice marches which took place before the draft men received their uniforms. It is a most informal affair; the men can talk and smoke, and the officers encourage them to sing. Later they will learn how to march at attention, but at present "route step" serves the purpose.

And now we shall leave our friends, Poindexter, Carlotta, and Rabinovitz, and turn to the more general aspects of the camp. For these three men, like thousands of others, are no longer individuals with different social opportunities; but are merely good Americans and soldiers of Uncle Sam.

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ROUTE STEP

"BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING"

The Engineers were probably the first draft men at Camp Upton to have actual experience in their own calling. Although the first men arrived early in September, the camp was by no means completed. Great areas, covered with scrub-oak and an occasional tree, had to be transformed into smooth parade-grounds. It was necessary not only to remove the underbrush, but also to level the terrain, to dig up stumps or blast them, to remove earth here, and fill up hollows there. This work gave the men an excellent opportunity to put into practice the theories which they were being taught.

The first picture gives some idea of Camp Upton as it was before the camp was built. The brush has been removed to a large extent, but the ground is still uneven, and stumps are protruding everywhere. Replace in your mind the trees which grew there, and a quantity of dense brush, and you have some idea of the task of the camp contractors.

The second picture illustrates the most effective means of removing obstructions, be they stumps at Camp Upton, or Germans in France — by dynamite.

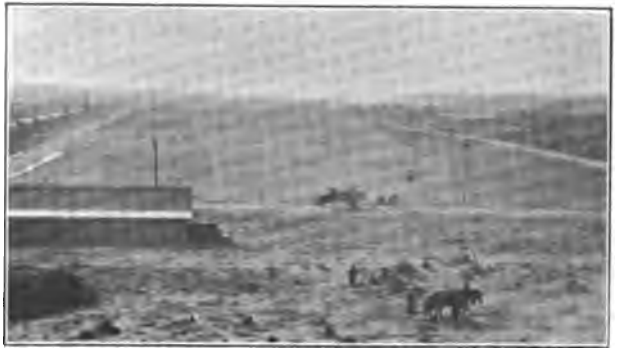
After this operation has been performed many times, there are miniature craters and embryo shell-holes everywhere. These are filled up by hand, for the most part, and then, as in the third picture, the steam roller is called upon for the finishing touches.

The final scene is of the finished work — a vivid tribute to the engineers. When they started their work, this great level plain was even rougher and more obstructed than the tract shows in the first picture; now it seems to invite a game of football or tennis.

1. Clearing the Ground

2. Dynamite!

3. The Steam-Roller to the Rescue!



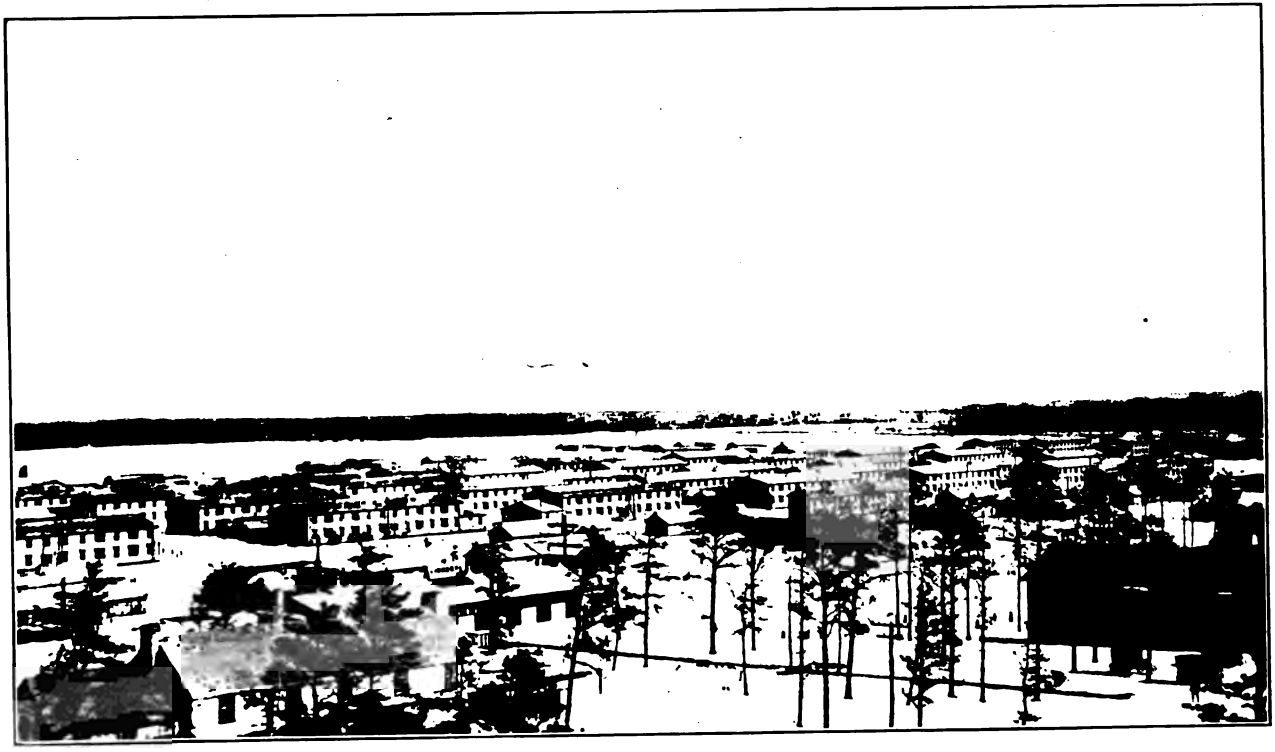
4. Finished

THE INFANTRY

The infantry, the infantry, with the dirt behind
their ears,
The infantry, the infantry, will drink a thousand
beers;
The cavalry, artillery, and the gosh-darned engineers
They could never lick the infantry in a hundred
thousand years.

Such is a slightly expurgated version of the song which is probably the best known and most frequently rendered of any of the musical traditions of the service. And that song reflects accurately the infantry's opinion of itself and of its superiority over the other military branches. We should observe a discreet neutrality concerning the assertions of the song, but, nevertheless, it is safe to say that, in point of numbers, the infantry is by far the largest branch of the service; it is also the most popular. Its members are those who will later go over the top, engage in hand-to-hand combat with the Teutons, and, beyond a shadow of doubt, be among the first to enter the hitherto unpenetrated precincts of the European barbarian. Formerly the infantry merely had to know how to shoot and drill, and have a limited knowledge of such associated fields as signaling and bayonet-fighting. Now, as a result of the complete change in the modes of fighting, each infantryman must not only know how to shoot, drill, and signal, but he must be absolutely proficient in bayonet work, and must have a thorough knowledge of the automatic rifle, the machine-gun, gas, the grenade, and the construction of trenches. In other words, his duties have been doubled or trebled.

There are, at Camp Upton, five regiments of infantry: the 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, and the 367th (colored) regiment. Each unit comprises, at full strength, approximately three thousand men. This picture shows the barracks of the four white infantry regiments. Their cammanding officers are: 305th, Colonel W. R. Smedberg; 306th, Colonel George Vidmer; 307th, Colonel Isaac Erwin; and 308th, Colonel Nathan K. Averill. This section is at the southeastern corner of the cantonment.



INFANTRY ROW

THE DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS

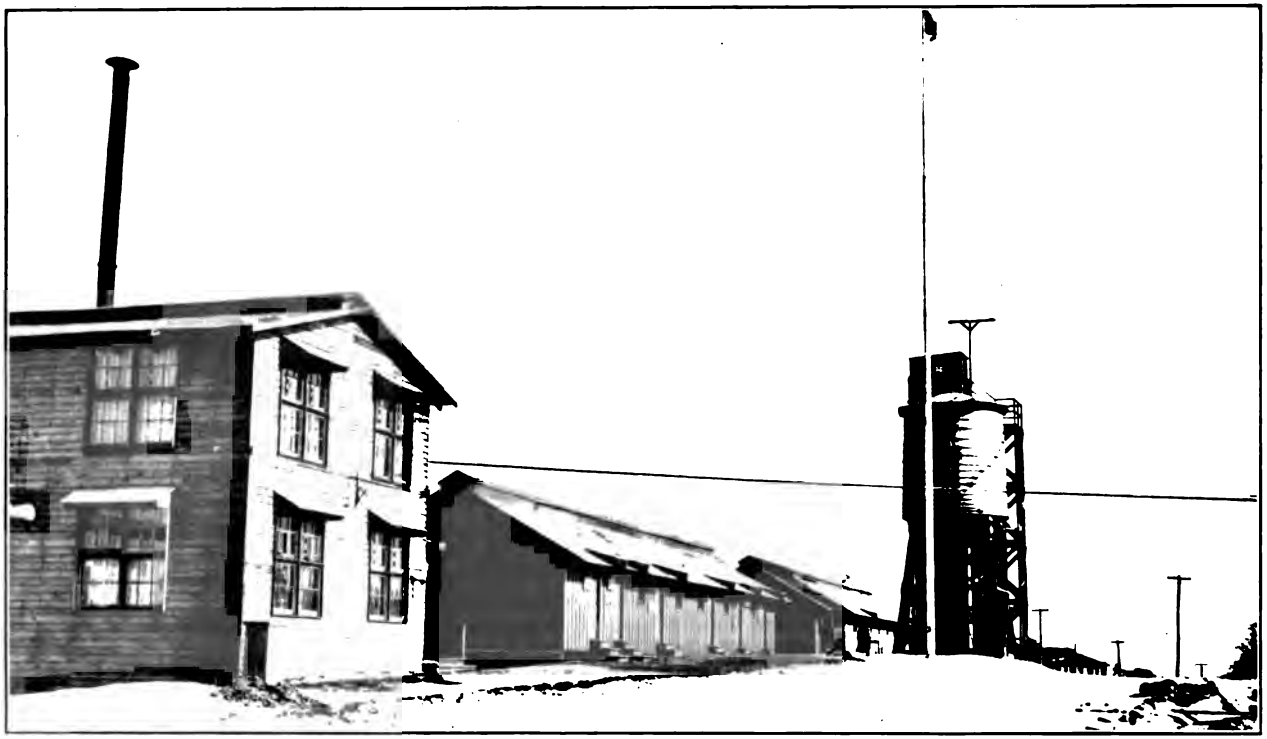
General Bell, according to tradition, has had his headquarters on a hill at every post which he has commanded. When Yaphank was selected, there was apparently no hill on the entire tract. The headquarters was to be in the center of the camp. One day, the workmen who were clearing the brush discovered a slight hill at the spot on the map marked "headquarters." Accordingly, when General Bell took command, he found his headquarters on the usual hill.

The headquarters of the 77th Division is the switchboard of the cantonment to which all reports come, and from which all orders go. It contains the offices of the commanding general and his staff, and the headquarters of the principal administrative departments of the division. Orders from the War Department arrive there, and are distributed to the commanding officers of the units. Similarly, all reports and records are assembled there and forwarded to Washington.

The offices are divided among several buildings, nearly all of which are one story in height. A lookout tower, as seen in the picture, stands in front, and on the long staff the Stars and Stripes wave during the day, in the sight of the entire camp. A soldier is continually stationed in the tower to report any fires which he may see. In order to hold the road in place, a support of logs was built by the engineers at the brow of the hill. The "sunset gun," a small cannon, overlooks the slope. These two features give the headquarters the appearance of an old-fashioned fort, with its log barricade and threatening cannon.

The administrative officers at Camp Upton, those who "make the wheels go round," are:

Major-General J. Franklin Bell, Division Commander; Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. Booth, Chief of Staff; Major Creswell Garlington, Assistant Chief of Staff; Major W. N. Haskell, Division Adjutant; Major Lloyd C. Griscom, Assistant Division Adjutant; Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. R. Hannay, Division Quartermaster; Major V. W. Cooper, Division Inspector; Major S. H. Wilson, Division Judge Advocate; Major T. F. McNeil, Division Ordnance Officer; Colonel C. O. Sherrill, Division Engineer Officer; Major J. A. Brockman, Division Signal Officer; Lieutenant-Colonel Charles R. Reynolds, Division Surgeon; Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Snapp, Division Dental Surgeon; Major A. W. Schoenleber, Division Sanitary Officer; Captain C. A. Perry, Division Post Exchange Officer; Captain F. W. Perry, Divisional Personnel Officer; and five French and five British officers, who have been assigned to Camp Upton to instruct the draft men in the latest methods of warfare.



THE DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS

THE Y. M. C. A.

The army Y. M. C. A. is an essential organization at a military cantonment. Everyone has heard of the Red Triangle workers, but few, outside of military circles, actually understand the important and admirable work which they are doing. Imagine a soldier who has nowhere to go except his barracks and post-exchange — a soldier without books, without magazines, without writing facilities, without entertainment. Happily that picture belongs to the past; now, thanks to the organization which has supplied all those needs and comforts, it is only a memory.

As soon as the sites for the camps were decided upon, the Association made plans fully to care for each one. At Camp Upton eight "huts" were erected in convenient sections of the cantonment, also an auditorium to accommodate 3,200 men, and a headquarters building in the center of the camp.

All these huts are similar in style and construction. At one end is the stage, with rows of benches in front for the audience. At the other end is the desk, where attendants are ready to provide stamps, writing materials and pamphlets, and to give information on every conceivable subject. Along the sides of the big room are the writing benches, over which hang suggestive placards which urge the boys not to forget the folks at home. Then there are book-cases, filled with every kind of literature — war books by the score, novels, histories, books of travel — in fact, everything which a "live man" might wish to read.

Movies are shown frequently, and there is some kind of an entertainment every night in the week. One evening, a boxing match is scheduled; on the next, movies; on the next, a "show," given by the local talent of one of the companies — and so on. The only day in the week when religious activities take place is Sunday. Prominent men are invited to give a "man's talk" to the audience; there are also morning services.

Often the Association invites talent from the New York stage to come to the auditorium; such performances are the big "social events" of Camp Upton. In every way, the Y. M. C. A. is a success, and a blessing to these soldiers of ours. If you wish to assure yourself on this point, you have only to ask any soldier.

THE Y ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND AUDITORIUM

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

The Knights of Columbus are doing excellent work at the camps. The purpose of this organization is the same as that of the Y. M. C. A. — to make the American soldier happy. Many people have the erroneous belief that these huts are for Catholics or K. of C. members only, but that is by no means the case. They were built for our soldiers, regardless of creed. Further to emphasize the purpose of the organization, the workers have placed huge signs over the buildings, marked: EVERYBODY WELCOME.

Each hut contains a large library, a desk with an attendant in charge, writing benches, a piano, and a stage for entertainments. One feature of this work is the prominence of athletics on the calendar of events. The huts can be transformed into gymnasia, or drill-halls, at a moment's notice. An inter-company and inter-regiment basket-ball league has been formed, and there are frequent games in the race for the championship.

"What we are trying to do," the director informed me, "is to provide a cozy place where the men may come and make themselves at home. There is no formality. One may come and go as he pleases, and he will never be approached concerning his religious or personal affairs. If he comes to us, we give him the best advice we can. We are here to make the boys happy; that's all."

This statement illustrates the spirit of the K. of C. workers; their kindly friendship with the boys is largely responsible for their unqualified success. There are three K. of C. huts at Camp Upton, and ten workers from the New York Councils. The director is John D. Flynn, of Brooklyn.

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THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

THE HOSTESS HOUSE

Formerly the problem of entertaining feminine visitors at Camp Upton was decidedly complex. The wives, relatives, or sweethearts of the soldiers were forced to walk around the camp until the men were off duty. And after they had found them, there was no suitable place to go. Accordingly, the Y. W. C. A. established four Hostess Houses in different parts of the camp; three for white women, the other for the friends of the negro troops.

A soldier is in danger of relinquishing the finer qualities of his nature, those which come from life at home and the companionship of women. The Hostess Houses are doing their best to preserve these qualities. The atmosphere is extremely homelike; it is a striking fact that every man instinctively removes his hat upon entering them — a custom otherwise practically unknown in the army.

When women come to Camp Upton to-day, they are met at the train by a social secretary, and escorted to one of the Hostess Houses. The soldiers whom they wish to see are called by messenger or telephone, and they come to the house as soon as their duties permit. Meanwhile, the visitors wait in the comfortable house, read the books and magazines, play the graphophone or piano, or write letters. And when the soldiers arrive, they have a comfortable place in which to entertain their visitors.

There is a ladies' waiting-room, a nursery with an attendant in charge, and a cafeteria, in each building. Needless to say, these houses are filled over the week-ends, and throughout the week there is a steady flow of visitors.

The men are allowed to come to the Hostess Houses at any time, whether they have visitors or not, and enjoy their privileges. The advantages of this plan, and the excellent work of the women in charge, are incalculable. Some attendants remain at the houses permanently; other come voluntarily for short periods from Greater New York.

HOSTESS HOUSE

ACKER, MERRALL AND CONDIT'S

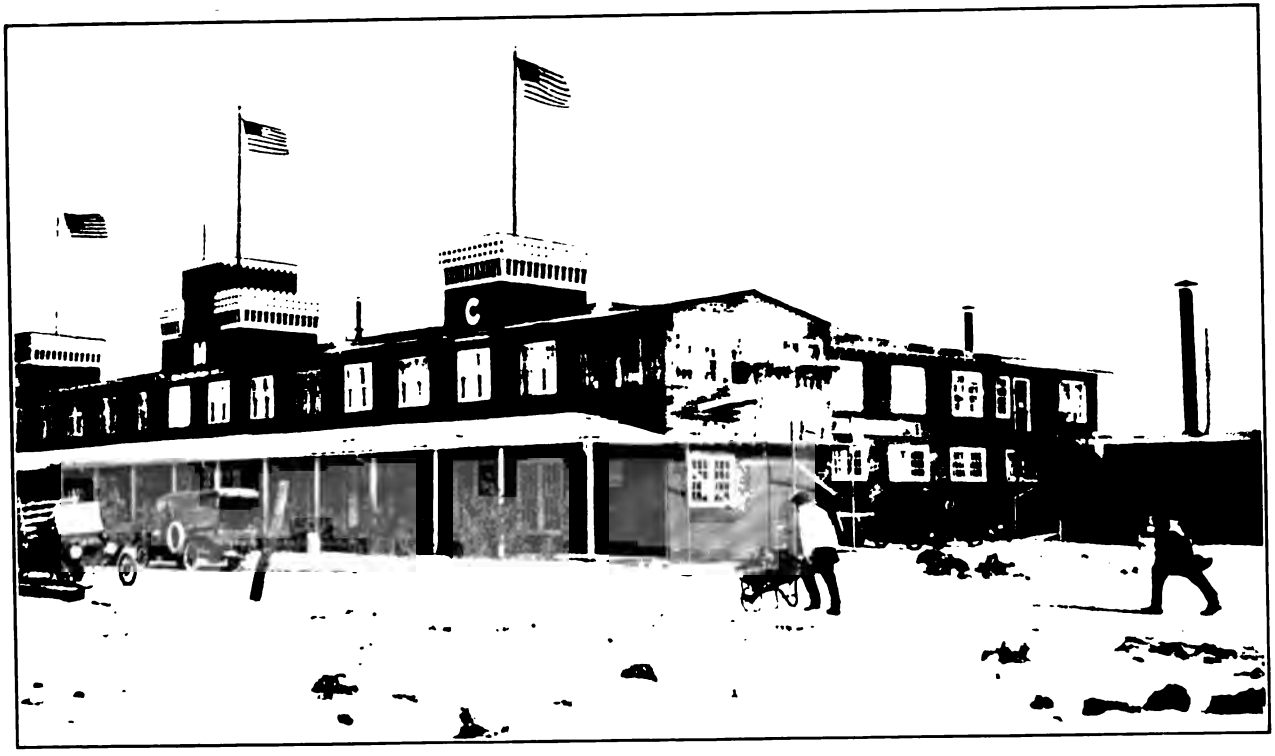
No story of Camp Upton would be complete without an account of the Acker-Merrall-Condit casino, or "Acker-Merrall's," as it is familiarly called — the department store of the cantonment. When the camp was being constructed, this New York firm obtained permission from the military authorities to erect, in the center of the camp, the large building shown in the picture. Although conducted by a private concern, everything is under the supervision of the government.

At the right end of the building is the restaurant and lunch-counter, where the soldier can obtain all kinds of food at moderate rates. The center of the building is used for a grill, which serves better food, with correspondingly higher prices. The officers come to the grill for a "hotel meal," or to dine with their visiting friends. The waiters, attired in dress clothes, complete its similarity to a metropolitan grill. Often the soldiers drop in for tea, and the nurses also come there from the base hospital for an occasional meal. The great feature of this restaurant is its metropolitan character; the soldier comes here and is, for the moment, in the city again, and is enabled to forget that he is actually in a military cantonment.

There is a huge store at the left end of the building, where one can buy every conceivable variety of merchandise, from a fifty-cent cigar or a can of tomato soup to a barrel of flour.

On the second floor of the building is the "hotel," comprising fourteen double rooms. The visitor cannot remain at this hotel indefinitely; his stay is limited to forty-eight hours, unless he can obtain an extension from headquarters.

A restaurant is not a rare thing at an army camp; but a combined restaurant, grill, store, and hotel, all under civilian management, is a welcome novelty.



ACKER–MERRALL'S

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

As Camp Upton is composed entirely of wooden buildings, there is great danger of fire, and even of the complete destruction of the camp by a conflagration. Accordingly, the authorities made provision for a fire department and erected several fire-stations. A number of fire-trucks, similar to that in the picture, completely equipped with the necessary appurtenances, were supplied by the Quartermaster Corps. When the draft men arrived, those who had previously been New York firemen were assigned to the department. A battalion chief, loaned by the city of New York, was commissioned and made fire-chief. There are now forty-four members of the department, all ex-firemen from New York; these men form three double companies, which are equipped with six machines of different types.

The cantonment has been divided into sections; a certain district is protected by each company. As in the city, there are numbered fire boxes, and an alarm whistle which can be heard throughout the cantonment. In case of a small blaze the apparatus of only one station is called but for a general alarm the entire force comes to the rescue. As yet there have been no serious disasters from fire at Camp Upton, but on several occasions the efficiency of the department alone has prevented catastrophes.

The safety of the cantonment is not entirely in the hands of the department. In case of fire the companies in barracks in the vicinity of the blaze are called out and pressed into service. Hence every man in camp is, in a way, a reserve fireman. The fire-chief has drawn up a set of drastic regulations, particularly adapted to the conditions at camp. There are hydrants at frequent intervals, and, in case of fire, all connections in the buildings are turned off to increase their pressure.

READY FOR THE ALARM

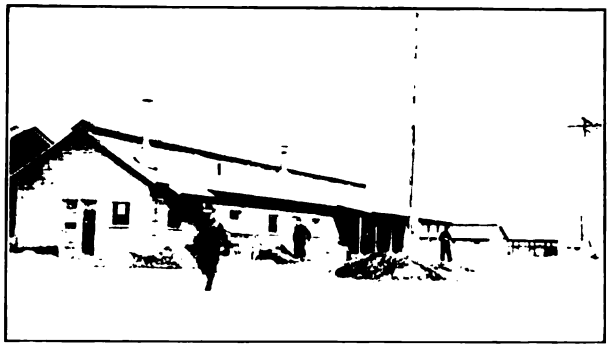
BUILDINGS AND MULES

1. The post exchange is the military department-store, where the soldier can purchase every luxury or necessity which he desires, providing, of course, that the authorities think he should have them. He can buy tobacco, cigarettes, cigars, toilet articles, post-cards, washboards, boots, coffee, writing paper, "hot-dogs," and hundreds of other articles of small merchandise. The exchange is supervised by a commissioned officer, who has been appointed for that purpose and is the purchasing-agent, board of directors, and general "boss" of the establishment. The exchange of this type is a regimental affair, and its profits are divided among the companies which support it, whence they revert to the company funds.

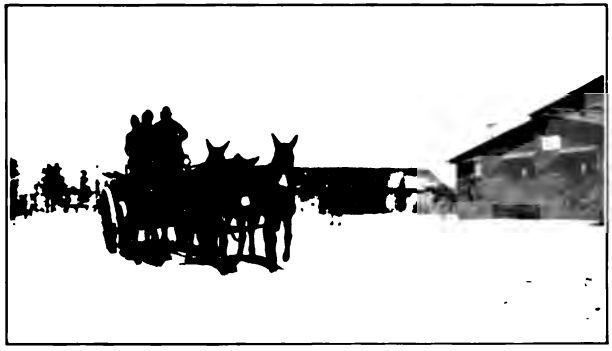
2. There is no animal more vicious, more stubborn, yet more necessary to transportation, than the army mule. Once in the harness, he has no equal for traversing apparently trackless wilderness, or carrying enormous loads over rough paths. But when he is let loose, no power of man can compel him to do anything against his will. This anomalous character has been superseded, to some extent, by the more speedy motor-truck; on rough roads, where the truck cannot operate, the mule is used to advantage. And here we have a team of them; at present they appear to be as docile as lambs, but this seeming indifference of everything and everybody is merely an ingenious form of animal "camouflage," the purpose of which is to lure the innocent victim within range of their effective hind feet.

3. The officers live in long one-story buildings like that in the picture; these are usually lined on the opposite side of the road from the barracks of their organization. Captains and majors have separate rooms, about eight feet square; the lieutenants bunk two in a somewhat larger room. At one end of the building is the mess-hall and kitchen, in charge of enlisted men who have been detailed from their companies. The officers mess together, and are required to pay for their food at the usual rate of thirty dollars a month. Their quarters are kept in order by details from their units.

4. In the field the soldier ordinarily does his own washing, but at Camp Upton the prospect of 40,000 men washing their clothes was not favorably regarded. Accordingly, this laundry, one of the largest in the world, was erected at the camp.

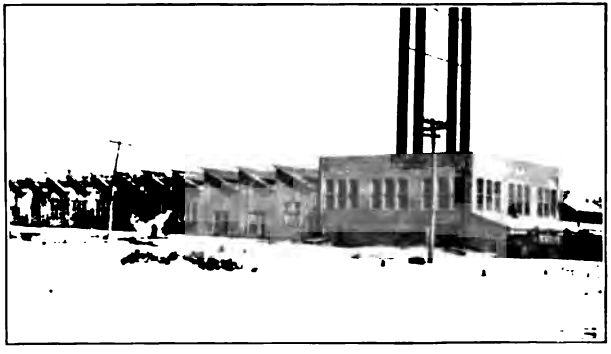


1. The Post-Exchange



2. Army Mules

3. Officers' Quarters



4. The Camp Laundry

SLEEPING-QUARTERS

The boys at Upton eat, sleep, and live in one large building. On the first floor, the kitchen, the mess-hall, the orderly-room, and the recreation hall are situated. The second floor is devoted to sleeping quarters, and is filled with bunks, some three feet apart. The sleeping equipment consists of an iron cot with a spring, a mattress stuffed with straw, and as many blankets as the weather conditions require. No pillows are provided by the government, but men can buy them, and comforters, also, if they desire. The overcoats are hung on pegs in the walls; all uniforms and equipment are neatly arranged under the bed. Cleanliness is the watchword. During the night the windows are opened six inches, by order of the sanitary officer. The regulations require that each morning the blankets be rolled and placed at the foot of the bed; then the windows are opened for an hour or two to air the quarters thoroughly. There is a daily inspection by one of the officers and any man whose personal belongings are not neatly arranged, or whose bed is not properly "made," receives extra fatigue duty.

Each Saturday there is a formal inspection of quarters and equipment. The men arrange their belongings on the cots in a specified manner, and then stand beside their cots. The company officers check up the equipment and make note of its condition. By this means they are enabled to discover deficiencies and also to assure themselves that the soldiers are keeping their equipment in the best of condition.

The boys in this picture belong to Company K, 307th Infantry. An inspection of quarters has just taken place, and the lieutenant is giving an informal talk to his men, who are grouped around their cots.

A CLASS IN BARRACKS

THE MESS-HALL

Soupy, soupy, soupy,
  Without a single bean
Porky, porky, porky,
  Without a streak of lean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee,
  The weakest ever seen.

Needless to say, no roll-call precedes mess; as soon as the bugle blows this tune, every man is on hand with his mess-can and tin cup.

The mess-hall and kitchen are on the ground floor of the barracks and are separated only by the sideboard on which the food is placed. There are long wooden benches in the hall, as seen in this picture. The cooks at Camp Upton are draft men who have had previous experience in the culinary art. They are selected carefully, two to a company, as Uncle Sam is very particular about the food served to his protégés. By rank, they are privates, who have been appointed cooks by the company commander, but as soon as they receive these appointments, they acquire an unofficial rank equaling that of a general. In other words, His Majesty, the Cook, is supreme, and his domain, the kitchen, is inviolable. He is assisted by men detailed from the company, called "kitchen police." These waiters and helpers are relieved from military duty and are subject to his orders. They get up in the morning before the rest of the company, bring in the wood, and start the fires. Before each meal they place the food on the table, and while the men are eating, they replenish, from time to time, the fast disappearing supplies. After mess, they wash the dishes, mop the floors, clean the tables, and assist in preparing the next meal.

This mess-hall belongs to Company K, 307th Infantry, and is undoubtedly one of the most attractive at Camp Upton. Not being satisfied with the ordinary rough interior of their dining-hall, the artists of the company have painted shields, emblems, and mottoes, and hung flags, to whet the appetites of their comrades. It is ten o'clock in the morning, and the kitchen-police, who are standing by the sideboard, are getting the hall ready for dinner. The floors are spotless, and the tables are shiny from scrubbing. The large boiler in which the coffee is made, and various cooking utensils, can be seen in the kitchen.

A TYPICAL MESS-HALL

CAMP ATHLETICS

The more vigorous forms of athletics have always been popular in the army, and since they are conducive to physical perfection, they are always encouraged by the authorities. Football, wrestling, and, particularly, boxing, are the favorites. Since the birth of the draft army, the authorities have not only sanctioned such sports, but have sent to the cantonments professional athletes to teach the men the finer points of the games. Not only is boxing an excellent form of exercise, but it is also an aid to bayonet practice; it teaches agility of mind, disregard for personal injury, and other elements associated with successful bayonet fighting. Then there is wrestling, and jiu-jitsu, the perfection of both of which might prove incalculable aids in hand-to-hand combat.

A Japanese named Haneishi, assistant to Allan C. Smith, physical instructor at Camp Upton, is teaching the draft men the fine points of jiu-jitsu. He throws them in the air in an astounding manner, and then tells them how he did it; no "strong man" or wrestler has been able to overcome him.

The boxing instructor who has been assigned to the camp by the War Department is Benny Leonard, the well-known fighter, who, assisted by men skilled in boxing, gives frequent exhibitions at the Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus huts. There are sparring exhibitions, in which would-be champions are his opponents, and demonstrations of attack and defense in which the principles of bayonet fighting are involved.

The Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. often have matches on their entertainment programmes. Fighters from different companies or regiments contend for the honors. These matches are intensely popular, and the halls are always packed. Sometimes the boys borrow the gloves and have impromptu engagements on the drill-field, as in the picture. These, too, never fail to attract enthusiastic spectators.

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AN IMPROMPTU BOXING-MATCH

THE MASCOT ARMY

An army without mascots would be as great a novelty as an army without rifles. No matter where American soldiers go, they are always accompanied by their animal friends, or, if orders forbid transportation of these, they acquire others immediately upon arriving at the new posts. The custom is only natural, for man is a lover of animals; it is even more characteristic because of the soldier's comparative loneliness and isolation from the outside world.

The species of mascot adopted depends, to some extent, upon the nature of the country in which the troops are quartered. For instance, the soldiers who took part in the demonstration on the Mexican border accumulated an extraordinary collection of lizards, horned toads, Mexican hairless dogs, and Chihuahua puppies. On their way to Texas, they bought, begged, or borrowed representatives of the animal life of the country through which they passed — innumerable dogs, and an occasional goat, pig, burro or lamb.

Although goats are the traditional mascots of the army, they are greatly outnumbered by dogs. Upon a visit to an army cantonment, one encounters bulldogs by the score, poodles, St. Bernards, terriers, and many dogs of doubtful ancestry. The love of the American soldiers for their pets, and the pride which they take in them, is truly remarkable. Of course, a fighting dog, whose prowess is easily demonstrated, is the idol of the company. There are often embryo vendettas, caused by disagreements between companies about the merits of their mascots, and sometimes these altercations are settled by open combat between the animals. One of the most unusual mascots of Camp Upton is the cinnamon bear whose picture is on the opposite page. He is probably the best known of the Yaphank mascot army, and is the pride of Company K, 307th Infantry. There is only one animal which the boys at Upton desire to complete their menagerie — that *genus rarum*, a thoroughly civilized and domesticated German.

"KAY" — THE MASCOT

CHANGING THE GUARD

The duties of guards in the cantonment are to preserve order, to enforce the regulations, and to protect property. Owing to the absence of disorder at Upton, guards are not so common as in other camps, but, nevertheless, one sees them occasionally. Each day a different set of men goes on guard. For interior guard duty a company is usually detailed from each regiment. There are twenty-four hours of duty; the sentinel is on duty two hours in every six; during the other four he remains at the guard-house, subject to call. There is a commander of the guard — either an officer or a sergeant — and the well-known "corporal of the guard," who is on active duty while the men under his control are on post. When one two-hour period is over, a new set of men goes on guard. The corporal of the guard, the corporal of the relief, and the "relief," as they are called, make a round of the posts. At the first post Jones remains, while Smith falls in with the column. At the next post Black is relieved by White — and so on, until a new man has been left at each post. When this column arrives at the guard-house, it will be composed of those men who were on guard the last two hours; those who started out are now scattered at their posts.

This picture illustrates the relief of the guard. In the quadrangular group, the man on the left is the old guard at Post Number 3; he has been on duty for two hours. Facing him is the relief who will take the post for the next two hours. The old guard is explaining the limits of the post, and communicating the orders which have been given him. The man with his back towards us is the corporal of the old guard; facing him is the corporal of the relief. The men in column are partly of the old guard and partly of the relief. When the column moves on, the relief will begin to walk his post, and the man who has been relieved will fall in at the rear and return to the guard-house.

GUARD RELIEF

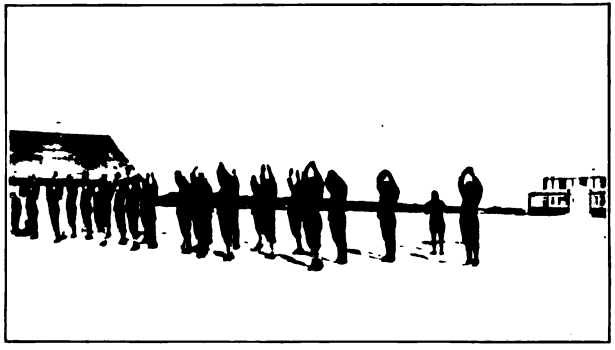
BOMBS, MULES, AND SETTING-UP DRILL

1. Before the soldiers whose company is blessed with pack-mules attempt to practise on the animals, they receive instruction with wooden models, as the operation can be performed equally well with these substitutes, and without the danger which the novice encounters with the live animal. When a mule has to be packed, a blinder is put over his eyes, and he is held by one man. Two others lift the pack-harness over his flank, and place it on his back. Then the straps are tightened up, and the packs are placed on the equipment. This procedure sounds simple, but on account of the disposition of the mule, it is second only to aviation as a thrill-producer. Hence, the life-saving plan of using dummies for practice is an evidence of great wisdom and forethought on the part of the authorities.

2. The necessity for setting-up exercises in the army has resulted in the "Manual of Physical Training," prepared by Dr. Koehler, the West Point physical instructor. This little volume contains hundreds of exercises, the aim of each of which is the development of some part of the body; a thorough combination of them is a sure way of attaining physical perfection. These exercises usually take place after reveille in the morning, directly before mess. An instructor, usually a sergeant, stands before the company, executes the movements, and leads the company. This group, from the headquarters train, is having a short drill; it is ten below zero, and they welcome the exercise as a means of keeping warm.

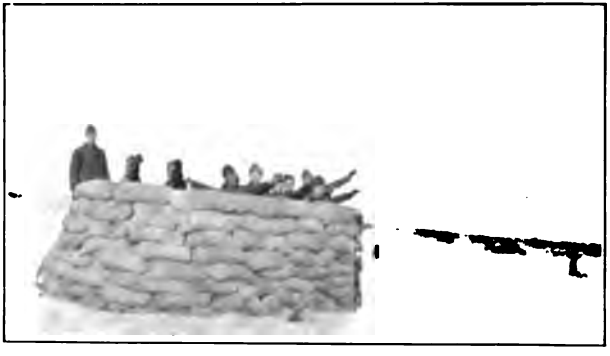
3 and 4. Although the bomb, or grenade, is not a new element of warfare, it has never before been so important as in the fighting of the Western Front. Every infantryman must be familiar with the uses of the grenade, and know how to throw it properly. The dangerous missile is made of cast iron, and is about the size and shape of a lemon. The outside of the casing is corrugated, so that when it explodes, it bursts into some fifty pieces, which are effective at a hundred yards. There is a tendency among Americans to throw the grenade like a baseball; the men are taught to hurl it with a circular, overhead motion, by swinging the arm as the bowler does in the English game of cricket. No 3. shows a sergeant instructing one of his men. No. 4 is a group behind a sand-bag parapet, likewise practising the throwing of the grenade.

1. Packing the "Mule"



2. Setting-up Drill

3. "Let 'er go!"



4. Grenade Practice

THREE CAMP DIGNITARIES

1. From the "I can't get 'em up" of reveille to the mournful notes of "taps," the events of the soldier's day are controlled by the bugler. In the darkness of early morning, when the barracks are silent and unilluminated, when no one is awake except the busy cooks and the sentries, the bugler comes from his quarters and announces that the day has begun. Lights flash everywhere and there come from every hand the voices of indignant sleepers. Boots hit the floor with a thud, and after some minutes, rifle-butts scrape along the hall. The whistle blows in the company parade-ground, and the men rush to their places in line. Half an hour later the bugler announces mess with the welcome "Soupy-soupy-soupy," and there is a dash for breakfast. Throughout the day every formation or announcement is preceded by a bugle-call — sick-call, mess-call, first sergeant's call, drill-call, and many others. At ten o'clock, taps rings drowsily through the cantonment and closes the eyes of forty thousand men; the voices become silent, and the lights disappear one by one. In five minutes everything seems mournful and desolate. There, again, is the romance of the bugler.

It is only natural that the bugler, vested with such powers, should be an important personage. He is the envy of the small boy, the wonder of admiring visitors, and, if he is an expert, the pride of his company.

2. The patrolling of the camp proper and the maintenance of good order within its limits are in the hands of the military police. These "cops of the army," of which there are a hundred and forty at Upton, are members of the New York police force. They do not carry rifles, but are armed with night-sticks, or "billies," as they are familiarly called. The sentries which one encounters are regimental guards, who patrol the grounds of their organization. Here is a sentry of the infantry — his regulation uniform supplemented by helmet, muffler, and sweater — patrolling his post in zero weather.

3. The sentries of the negro section are, of course, detailed from the colored troops. This is a guard from the 367th Infantry.

1. Mess-call

2. Sentry

3. A Sentry of the 367th Infantry

FATIGUE, PRISONERS AND SANITATION

"Fatigue" in the army is not what the term usually implies, although it doubtless has some association with weariness. Any kind of work, outside of the strictly military routine, is called fatigue. When floors must be scrubbed, papers picked up in the yard, wood chopped, ashes sifted, or any of the thousand-and-one non-military duties of the soldier must be performed, a fatigue detail is called upon. A record of such details is kept by the first sergeant. If five men are needed, he starts at the top of the roster, and impresses the first five men into service; if, on the next occasion, eight men are needed, he takes those whose names next appear. The men of the company who have been reported for minor offenses are always called first to make up the detail; if there are not enough of them, the first sergeant obtains the rest in the ordinary way. The detail in the picture (1.) is building a scaffolding on this barracks.

2. Ordinarily, there is a guard-house in every regiment, where the unruly members of the organization, who have been court-martialed and sentenced to from one to thirty days' hard labor, are sent. But strangely enough, guard-houses at Camp Upton are scarce. The men have conducted themselves in such an orderly manner that few have been called before the disciplinary boards; accordingly, most of the guard-houses have been turned into barber-shops or store-rooms, and regimental prisoners have been confined to their barracks. There is, however, a detention barrack, to which all those who have received sentences of from thirty-one days to three months are sent. This picture shows the "pen," and the guard, which has just been turned out.

3. Military prisoners are decidedly "out of luck." From morning to night, they work steadily, doing all kinds of odd jobs about the camp, under the surveillance of the guards. Here are a few prisoners and their guards.

4. The sanitary officer has decreed that all mattresses and bedding shall be thoroughly aired each morning. The boys have found that the easiest way to conform to this rule is to hang their equipment out of the window while they are drilling, and the result is shown in the picture.

1. FATIGUE

2. THE "PEN"

3. PRISONERS AT WORK

4. "OUT THE WINDOW YOU MUST GO!"

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR OFFICERS

Instead of holding the ordinary officers' training camps in the military divisions during the winter, the War Department instituted Training Schools for Officers at the draft cantonments. These were not open to everyone, but only enlisted men of the national guard, regular army, and members of the collegiate R. O. T. C. organizations, were eligible. College men who were unattached to the service were required to enlist in the army; if they fail to receive their commissions, they will be detailed as enlisted men to the army. All men receive the pay of a first-class private, $33 per month, except the draft men, who retain their grades and pay while attending the school. When the course is completed, the Upton men will return to their regular companies; the others will be assigned to various regiments until the results of their examinations are known.

There are few companies of this organization at Upton: three of infantry, and one of artillery. They are situated in the square formed by Second and Third avenues, and Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.

The results of this school have been very satisfactory. Since all men have had previous military experience, it is not necessary to teach them the fundamentals. Much time is thereby saved, and the instructors are enabled to begin with more complex features of the art of war.

The hours of routine are much longer than those of the ordinary soldiers' day. From reveille to taps there is drill after drill, class after class. For although they already know the elementary drills and movements, they practise them frequently to perfect their knowledge and keep in good physical condition. These officers-to-be are required to perform "fatigue" just as much as the ordinary soldiers. Here we have a group of men — collegians and the picked sergeants of the draft army, most of whom will soon wear the officers' bars — busily digging a small trench for a water-pipe.

OFFICERS–TO–BE

THE ARTILLERY

Before our entrance into the war, the Field Artillery of the United States Army were classified as Light, Mountain, Heavy, and Horse. The light artillery was armed with three-inch rifles; the mountain artillery had three-inch mountain howitzers; the horse artillery was practically identical to the light, and had the same guns; and the heavy artillery were equipped with 4.7 guns ("four-point-sevens," as they are called in the service), and six- and seven-inch howitzers.

It would not be judicious, even if it were possible, to enumerate the great changes which the old artillery system will undergo within the next year or two. Vaguely, motors will probably supplant horses, to some extent, and the four-point-sevens, so diminutive in comparison with the corresponding French and English artillery, will be superseded by larger and heavier guns.

There are three artillery regiments at Camp Upton: the 304th, 305th, and 306th. They are commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Kelley, Colonel Fred C. Doyle, and Colonel L. S. Miller.

The equipment consists of three-inch pieces and "four-point-sevens." Some months hence, however, the boys in this picture will probably have the pleasant sensation of sending tons of steel, fired from gigantic artillery, into the land of the Boche.

AN ARTILLERY GROUP

THE ENGINEERS

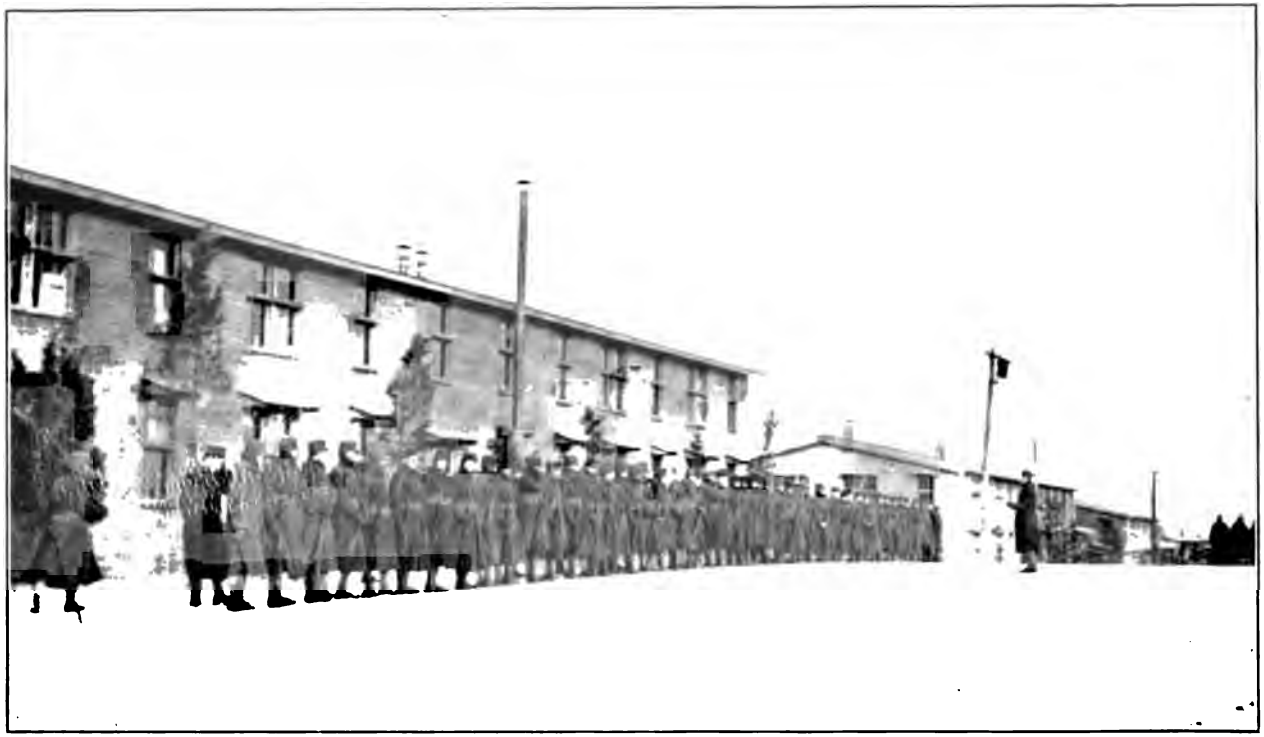
It is no military secret that the twelve hundred engineers of our former army have, within the last eighteen months, been increased to over a hundred thousand enlisted men, and ten thousand officers. The French and English leaders tell us that the engineers are of vast importance in the present war, and that the enemy, as a physical unit, cannot hope to overcome an equal physical unit which is adequately susbtantiated by materials. The respect for the American engineer has grown since the news came that he was the first of our forces to be in actual combat. And it is a significant fact that the corps is practically the only branch of the service at which no criticism of unpreparedness has been directed.

There is a great difference between the civil and military engineer. The engineer of the army must be able instantly to adapt the material on hand to the purpose; he cannot wait for more suitable supplies. His only requirements are the perfection of the finished work, and the speed with which it is done; the amount and cost of materials do not matter.

Every military division has a regiment of engineers among its units. The manifold duties of these men seem incredible. In the first place, they must be first-class infantrymen; they are as carefully trained in the use of rifles as the members of the infantry, and the engineer officers attend the infantry schools.

When a sector is occupied by the troops, the engineers are responsible for constructing the roads, building the bridges, digging the tunnels, and drawing accurate maps for the use of the combatant units. They are subjected to greater peril than most other troops, because they must go ahead, and prepare for the advance of the fighting columns. They plan the trenches, construct the more complex fortifications, lay mines, build pontoons and dig tunnels — and all within the range of the enemy's guns. Their duties also include the camouflage work, photography, the care and handling of pack animals, and the use of the portable searchlights. In fact, it is difficult to imagine any military work with which the engineers are not in some way connected.

The corps is represented at Camp Upton by the 302nd Regiment of Engineers, an organization which has already done excellent work in the construction of the camp. It is commanded by Colonel C. O. Sherrill, a regular army officer and a military author of repute.



A COMPANY OF THE 302ND ENGINEERS AT RETREAT

THE SIGNAL CORPS

Like the Engineers, the Signal Corps has many duties which one does not ordinarily associate with that branch of the service. Besides the signal work itself, the men are charged with the construction, repair, and operation of military telephone and telegraph lines and cables, field telegraph trains, radio installations, balloon trains, and aviation. The aviation service is under the aviation section of the Signal Corps and has no relation to the unit at Upton. Men in the department are, for the most part, those who have had previous training and experience in telephone and telegraph work, or such trades with which the duties of signal men are in some way associated. At first the men are drilled in the more elementary details of their work, such as telegraphing and visual signaling. Later they will learn how to erect field telegraphs and telephone systems, or connect points by the ground telegraph.

There are two varieties of hand signaling; the wigwag, which is visual adaption of the International Morse Code, and the semaphore two-arm or two-flag system, which is illustrated by the accompanying picture. The wigwag code is communicated by describing arcs to the left with the arms or flags; a dot is on the right side of the sender, and the "dash" is a similar motion to the left.

The semaphore code is easier, because the letters follow each other in logical sequence, each letter being represented by a different position of the arms or flags.

The men in the picture, members of the Camp Upton Field Signal Battalion, are having semaphore drill.

SEMAPHORE DRILL

THE MEDICAL CORPS

The duties of the Medical Corps are the supervision of the camp sanitation, the care of the sick and wounded, the physical examination of officers and enlisted men, and the management and control of the military hospitals. Recently, the Red Cross was incorporated with the service; all equipment now belongs to the military, and the former Red Cross men are now enlisted men of the army, and members of the Medical Department.

The first duty of the corps is to prevent sickness. This is done most effectively by requiring strict adherence to the rules of sanitation which have been drawn up. Twice daily there is a "sick-call" at Upton, when all men who are unwell, or think they are, report on the sick-list. They are marched to the regimental infirmary and examined. If their ailment is of a trivial or imaginary nature, they are cared for at the infirmary; otherwise, they go to the base hospital for further examination and treatment. The health record of Upton, like that of most of the draft cantonments, has been excellent, and the amount of sickness, negligible. This happy condition is due to the healthful situation of the camp, the effectiveness of the sanitary measures, and the excellent work of the corps in treating those who have become ill, and enabling them soon to return to duty.

The first picture shows a group of ambulances, distinguished by the familiar red cross on their sides, waiting for calls outside of one of the regimental infirmaries. The machines are adjuncts to the 307th Ambulance Company, a branch of the 302nd Headquarters Train, and the drivers are enlisted men of the Medical Corps.

The second picture shows a company of M. C. men, drilling with stretchers, or "litters," as they are called officially. They are preparing for the day when they shall bring back their wounded comrades from No Man's Land.

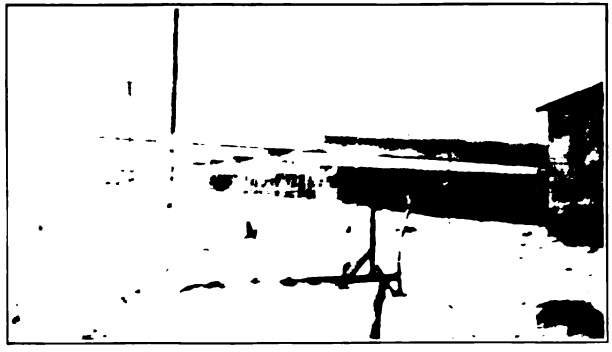
The third picture shows the headquarters of the base hospital; and the fourth, one of the wards. The hospital is three miles away from the camp proper. The various wards are connected by enclosed passages; one can go from one end of the hospital to the other without stepping out of doors.

The commanding officer of the Medical Department of Camp Upton is Lieutenant-Colonel Charles R. Reynolds, the division surgeon.

1. The Ambulance

2. Litter Drill

3. Headquarters, Base Hospital



4. One of the Wards of the Base Hospital

THE COLORED TROOPS

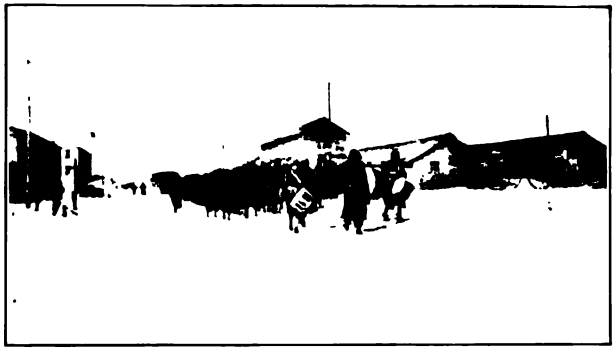
In the "good old days" of the army, the negro troopers of the West and Southwest were called the "buffaloes," both because of their color, and their bravery and fighting ability. We have since heard of these colored soldiers of ours, at Carizal, and in similar engagements, when they exhibited spectacular heroism, and made for themselves a name which should never be forgotten. But what is the negro doing in the present war! When you are at Camp Upton, go up Third Avenue until you come to the barracks of the 367th Infantry, and inspect the men of that regiment. The camp has several thousand negro soldiers, not only from New York, but from all parts of the East. And at Upton, too, they are called the "buffaloes," that name which soldiers of their race earned in the Indian Wars.

The colored troops at Camp Upton are not in the 77th Division, but form a detached unit of the 92nd Colored Division. There is a regiment of infantry — 367th — the 351st Machine Gun Battalion, and the headquarters of the 184th Brigade. They are commanded by Colonel James A. Moss, a regular officer, and the well-known author of some fifteen military manuals and textbooks.

Visiting officers at Camp Upton, who have watched the negroes drill, have, without exception, commended them highly. And even to the inexperienced observer, their aptitude for military affairs is obvious. In drilling, maneuvering, or marching, they show themselves to advantage, but it is in bayonet work that they excel. It is a fine sight to watch these "buffaloes" attack the dummies. Their eyes roll, and when they make a good lunge that broad grin of satisfaction, so characteristic of the negro, appears, intensified perhaps, by a certain grimness. It seems as if the bayonet had awakened some latent instinct for combat; one feels rather uncomfortable, watching them pierce the dummies.

Most of the lieutenants in command are colored men, also a few captains; the officers above the latter rank are white men.

The first picture shows a battalion of the 367th Regiment on the march, preceded by fife and drum corps. The next two scenes are of bayonet practice; in the first, the men are attacking the dummies, and in the other they are simulating actual combat. The final picture shows a machine-gun platoon of the 351st at "action front."



1. A Battalion of the 367th Infantry

2. "Up and at 'em!"

3. "Lunge!"

4. "Action Front!"

RIFLE, BAYONET, AND TRENCH

"Not theory, but practice," — that is the great message which our allies have sent across the seas to us, and it reflects a lesson which bitter experience has taught them. Every effort is being made at the cantonments to accustom the men to conditions which approach, as nearly as possible, those which they will later encounter in actual warfare. The innovations which the French and English troops have found practicable have been adopted temporarily by our military experts, and when the new American regulations appear, they will be a compound of the best features of the French and English modes of combat.

Our boys at Camp Upton are learning the proper use of the rifle, the advantages of the bayonet, the construction of trenches, the best ways of conducting a vigorous offensive or defensive movement. They are not learning these elements from books, nor from hearsay, but from usage and experience.

The first picture illustrates sighting practice, which is a preliminary to firing at the rifle-range. The sights are explained to the soldier, and their effect on the position of the hit. By means of the sight, the men can tell exactly where the bullet will hit the target, provided, of course, that the rifle is properly handled. When these soldiers go to the range to-morrow, they will know, as a result of this drill, how to set the sights for the different ranges, how to regulate the windage, how to hit the "bull." In this instance theory and practice have intermingled; now it will take only practice to enable them to bring down a German at five hundred yards.

The second picture shows a group of engineers constructing a model trench.

The men in the third picture are crossing a trench (supposedly a German first-line) and are rushing forward to the second line of defenses. They are illustrating the most economical and effective means of disposing of the superfluous defenders; one good thrust on the way across is enough, and no time is lost in unnecessary formality.

An imaginary attack is taking place in the fourth picture. As each man rushes forward and kills his man with the bayonet, his comrades, directly in the rear, advance and follow up the advantage. Imagine the dismay of the Teuton defenders upon seeing this formidible line of bayonets approach.

1. Sighting Practice

2. Trench Construction

3. Over the Top

4. "Vae Victis!"

RANGE—AND FINIS

And finally we come to the rifle-range, where our boys are learning to hit the bull's-eye, and are preparing for the great day when the bull's-eye they hit will be a German. There are over two hundred targets at Upton, at which the soldier can shoot from different ranges. After he has fired, the markers, who stand in pits below the targets, pull down the frames, inspect them carefully, paste a slip of paper over the bullet holes, and designate with a disk, which is on a long pole, the position of the hit. A scorer, who stands behind the firing-line, keeps an accurate account of the results. The bull's-eye counts five points, and the larger rings, four, three, and two; a hit on any part of the target counts two. Ten bull's-eyes, counting fifty points, are necessary for a perfect score.

And now that we have become acquainted with some of the more important details of the lives of the New York draft men, and with some of the Camp Upton units, we ask the question: "Has the cantonment been a success?" And there is only one answer — "Yes." Although the military authorities were greatly handicapped by the delay in the completion of the cantonment, they have since more than made up for the time which they lost at the beginning. Now the men are as well trained and equipped as any draft men in any cantonment. For this achievement, the War Department and the divisional authorities are partly responsible. But they are not alone responsible, nor should they receive all the credit. They have succeeded thus far because of the excellent work of the subordinate officers, and above all, because of the wonderful spirit of the New York draft men. At times, these soldiers have been cold, they have been lonely, they have been unhappy, but they seem to have inherited the old habit of the American soldier — "Smile, smile, smile" — and have borne all their hardships without complaint. And that is the spirit which will drive the German back to Berlin, and show the world that America's *citizens, as soldiers*, are second to none.

And now that we have finished, hats off to the officers and men of Camp Upton!

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

AT THE HUNDRED-YARD RANGE

TO VIEW
AUTOGRAPH

WAR DEPARTMENT
PHOTOGRAPHER'S PERMIT

To Commission Officer.

Date issued January 6, 1918.

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By order of the Secretary of War.

Adjutant General.

Approved and countersigned

For the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C.

PERMIT GIVEN THE AUTHOR BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

PHOTOGRAPHER'S PERMIT

HEADQUARTERS [illegible] DIVISION
CAMP UPTON, N.Y.

The bearer, Mr. [illegible], whose photograph and signature are hereto attached, is hereby accredited to Camp Upton as the photographer for the [illegible].

This permit entitles the photographer to the freedom of the Camp and to such privileges therein as may be necessary to the proper performance of his duties under the supervision and control of the Camp Censor.

By Command of Major General [illegible]

[illegible]
Assistant Command
at. Adjutant

Signature of the Correspondent.

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